

Distorted

by bluevision

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Summary: The G-man's employers are desperate to stop the Combines spread, but both sides are intent on using more than just open war to destroy each other.  
(note: this is my first story so if you like it please review)

## 1. Chapter 1 meeting

Distorted

### Chapter 1

\_First chapter of my first fan fiction entry.\_ \_If you like it\_  
\_please review, if you didn't like it... review it\_  
\_anyway.\_

\_Enjoy.\_

The G-man sat down on a faded and torn train seat. Out side the shattered windows there was nothing, just a black darkness that stretched out in all directions.

As he stared out in the black surroundings his "director" appeared in the seat opposite him. He had strong dislike for her, and a stronger dislike for who ever put her in charge of him. She insisted on doing most of her work the earth's surface, which was an insanely stupid thing to do as it was under Combine control. The G-man wouldn't be too upset if she caught a Combine bullet with her head, but that was very unlikely, not because she was a skilled fighter but because she would teleport to to a safe location before the bullet had even been fired.

She looked up at him and said, "Well it looks like Mr Free man's efforts will be in vain." Her voice was even and pleasant, not at all in tune for what they were discussing.

"Evan with the Citadel destroyed and Dr Breen dead?" asked the G-man

in his distorted hiss.

"The Combine are already built another Citadel and claim that Dr Breen is alive," replied the director.

"Did doctor Breen survive the blast?" he hissed. If it was true that would mean most of Freeman's effort were in vain.

"No, he was destroyed in the most violent way possible," she showed the smallest possible smile before continuing, "The new doctor Breen is definitely a clone or a replica." Replicas were one of the Combines many ways of conquering worlds. They could make perfect copies of people, bringing dead enemy's back to life and sending them back to their comrades. However since replicas had no trace of the former person's personality they were easily caught, making them only useful for getting lead back to the enemy's base and conducting a quick assassination on the most important person they could find. Therefore clones were a lot more preferable, but they needed a tissue sample to be made.

"Has the Combine destroyed the Resistance?" asked the G-man though he all ready knew what the answer would be.

"They defeated them about two days after doctor Freeman's incident on top of the Citadel," she said. The light tone of her voice was fading quickly. "However many of the Resistance fighters escaped and more and more people are starting to resent the Combine. We will have another uprising soon."

"And how will we stop the next uprising meeting the same bloody fate that the last one met?" sneered the G-man. "As good as Mr Freeman might have been he's no general. He knows nothing about war, about leading men."

The director was annoyed at the G-man's comments, she was the one who pushed to have Freeman sent back to earth and she was trying to get him sent back again for their second attempt to take earth back from the Combine. "Although the good doctor may not have the... benefits of the other candidates, his history is impressive."

The G-man waited for her to continue, hoping that she would agree not to use Freeman for their next attempt against the Combine.

"However many of our employers have something special in mind for Freeman, they have ordered me to send someone else," she said with a hint of anger now in her voice. "Do you have anyone who might suit the requirements?" the director asked.

"Yes I have someone who is just made for the job," answered the G-man who was failing to keep a hint of smugness from entering his voice.

"I'll inspect him shortly," she said. As she stood up to leave the G-man couldn't help smiling thinly, he knew that his replacement would pass all of her inspections.

Than as suddenly as they had appeared they both left the train car, leaving the old Black Mesa train sitting alone in the darkness.

## 2. Chapter 2 arena

Distorted

### Chapter 2

\_Welcome to my 2nd chapter. Thank you to the people who have read this story and submitted reviews. \_

\_Enjoy(hopefully)\_

"\_Your contract was available to the highest bidder"\_

The observation center was a small, room. The floor and the ceiling was made of a strange dark material that seemed to absorb the light. Three of it's walls were completely covered in monitors and various types of keyboards and other input devices. However the forth wall was the most interesting one to look at. It was made of clear perspex and it over looked a dimly lit maze. The maze was completely made out of a grayish iron. Its symmetrical design consisted of walls which varied in hight and length. At two opposite sides of the maze there was two forces. Each force consisted of four men, all of whom were dressed in black combat amour. Three of the four men in each squad were wearing black helmets which had tinted combat visors. The last man in each force wore nothing on his head but had additional armor and had an LCD screen on his wrist. The LCD screen displayed the life signs of the other three men in their squad. All of the men had no weapons on them.

The director watched as the G-man idly flicked some switches on one of the many monitors that lined the walls. He turned to her and said in his usual hiss, "I believe we are ready to... begin."

"Just explain what this is all about to me," replied the director in a sharp voice.

"After the rather unfortunate incident at Black Mesa we acquired many skilled employees. One of them I believe would be some what suited for the task that lies ahead," the G-man pointed to one of the helmet less men standing in front of the first squad, "His name is Adrian Shephard."

The director nodded, she had heard about Adrian and thought that he might be some what suitable. "What about the other unit of men," she asked, gesturing towards the squad on the far side of the maze.

The G-man showed his inhuman smile and replied, "That is our \_second \_candidate, an artificially produced human. His intelligence, reaction speed, strength and endurance are quite spectacular. However he has one slight fault. We need a leader to guide the resistance and men don't follow robots ,so we had to give him a \_slight\_ personality. Although this was necessary it may mean that he will one day he might stop following our orders. If he does so it he will have to be... eliminated," the G-man's smile broadened.

The director looked out in to the maze she nodded slightly, "Another suitable candidate. But tell me, what is his name?"

"We haven't given him one," the G-man paused for a second. "However he does have a serial number, xds573."

"So we have two candidates. How are we going to chose which one to send to earth?"

"It's rather simple. Using the men we have been kind enough to provide they must engage each other in combat. The winner goes on to attempt to lead the resistance, the loser..."

The directors eyes narrowed, "I don't think it's wise to waste our own men in a gladiator fight."

"No no, gladiator fights were always unbalanced. This however is a lot more even, the maze is symmetrical, the three men they are given to command are exact clones of each other. In this battle the best man \_will\_ win."

Adrian looked at the three men who were standing beside him. Even after facing the terrors of Black Mesa he was still unnerved by the masked fighters. There was something unnerving about them, the way they just stood there with out moving like statues to some twisted god of war. He was just about to run away form them when a small radio in his armored collar switched on.

"Adrian Shephard," a voice on the other end of the radio announced. It was a cold and lifeless voice, Adrian suspected that it was computer generated. "You are at the end of a symmetrical arena. At the opposite end of the area there is a force of 4 men, identical to yours. These men have orders to kill you. The only way to stop that from happening is to kill their leader. You will recognize their leader because he is not waring a combat helmet , just like you. The men standing beside you are yours to command, they will follow all orders you give them. The battle will commence as soon as you receive your weapons. Good luck Mr Adrian."

Adrian listened to radio announcement in growing horror. By the time it had finished Adrian was certain that some higher being had him on a death list, first the disastrous mission at Black Mesa and now he was being used as a playing piece in some bloody spectator sport. Adrian could feel panic rising in him so he tried calming him self by thinking over the whole situation. \_What do I need?\_ He needed to survive this contest, to live on for another day. \_So how do I win this contest?\_ \_Kill the other commander without being shot himself.\_ \_What do I need to do that?\_ \_The first thing he would need is weapons for him and his men, but the voice on the radio said that he would get weapons when the contest began. Adrian looked around the area he was standing in. In front of him there was a large wall which was made out of a cold gray iron, just like the rest of the maze. The wall stretched out across the maze, stopping near sides of the arena. The rest of the space he was in was empty apart from a small section of iron that rose to about waist hight. It was shaped like a machine gunners nest that face towards the wall, providing a vantage point for any one defending the area.

Xds573 listened to his orders that the voice on the other end of his radio gave him. Once he had listened to his orders he felt a rush of determination flow through him. He knew that this was one of the last tests, maybe the last test. It didn't matter who they had assigned to fight him, he knew that he would win. This was the whole purpose of his life, every single thing he had done had been preparing him for this test, and what ever lay beyond it. Suddenly the collar mounted

radio announced, "You will now receive your weapons and engage your enemy." As soon as the radio finished talking a neat row of firearms appeared on the ground in front of him.

Adrian stood still, mentally preparing himself for what ever lay ahead.

"You will now receive your weapons and engage your enemy," announced the radio .

"You forgot to say please," muttered Adrian as a row of futuristic looking weaponry suddenly materialized in front of him. Normally he would have been shocked by teleporting armories but during Black Mesa he was forced to redefine what he called normal. Shaking those thoughts aside he cast an eye over the weaponry before him. There were two futuristic assault rifles which were painted sleek black with a bullpup design. One of the rifles had an extra attachment, a dangerous looking grenade launcher located under the barrel. Next to the rifles there was black pump action shotgun which looked capable of blowing through a wall. To the shotgun's right there was a compact looking black sub-machine gun which had an extended magazine mounted on top of it. The final weapons were two small hand guns, complete with shoulder holsters. Adrian started to equip himself and his squad, taking the rifle without the grenade launcher for himself. As he handed out the other weapons to his men he couldn't help noticing the way they moved, as soon as he gave one a weapon he would quickly grab it from him, check it over then go back to where he was standing and be stand completely still again, like a robot. When Adrian reached the pistols he gave one to himself and one to the person carrying the shotgun. He then had a quick look at the LCD on his wrist. As before it had the vital sings of his squad members, but there was one new line of information, the vital sings of some one called "target". Adrian had a feeling that the target was the enemy's commander.

Xds573 had brief glance at the weapons before him. Moving quickly he scooped up the sub-machine gun and one of the pistols for himself. He quickly handed out the rest to the mindless drones under his command, giving the second pistol to the drone carrying the shotgun. Xds573 turned to the drone with the grenade launcher, an idea forming in his mind. "You! Quickly find out the basic layout for this place. Then find some where to hide. When you get a chance eliminate the enemy commander. Do not get spotted until then," Xds573's voice was quick and cold, it's tone displaying no signs of life or individuality.

"Yes sir," murmured the drone, in his dull never changing voice which had a sense of lifelessness that rivaled the commanders. The drones could be severally wounded in a fire fight and their tone would still be the same.

"The rest of you, take cover behind that obstacle and fire upon any foe who enters," ordered xds573 as his remaining drones took their places behind the machine gunners nest.

Now that he and his men were equipped Adrian only had one more problem? How to defeat his enemy. The area he was in would be perfect to defend from but Adrian never liked defending an area, he hated the idea that there was something coming for him and he just had to sit there and wait for it. \_Screw that lets get on offensive.\_ With his

mind made up Adrian pointed towardsthe commando holding the shotgun. "You come with me. The rest of you join up and go down the left exit slowly, if it's safe I'll go down the right exit," Adrian didn't expect then to understand him but they all grouped up as he instructed them to and two of them moved down the left exit. "Ok, tell me what you see down there?"

"The arena looks very simple. It appears that there two lanes, the right and left exits in the area your standing in. Those lanes go all the way to what I think is the enemy's starting point. In between the lanes there are wide corridors that go all the way across the arena, connecting the two lanes. The only other feature is the walls in the corridors. Each corridors has one or wall cutting across it. The walls range from about chest hight to about waist hight."

Adrian blinked a few times, surprised at the commandos talking and the simple lay out of the arena. He then decided on his next set of orders. "All right head down to the last corridor before the enemy's starting point. Once your there make sure no one leaves and wait for me to come up there," he then cast a glance at the commando standing next to him. "Come on, lets move out."

Xds573 listened to the radio reports that the drone out in the arena was sending him. He gazed down the barrel of his SMG, his sights trained on the left entrance.

"Commander, a second enemy squad just passed, I think it might of been the target."

"Were are they now?"

"Out in the corridor right next to where you are."

Xds573 considered the latest developments. "Ok, go to where they are and attempt to kill the enemy commander with your grenade launcher. Failing that just try to take out as many of the enemy drones as possible."

Adrian arrived at the corridor where the rest of his men were waiting. Breathing lightly he looked up and down the corridor, which had one wall middle of the corridor which rose to about chest hight. He quickly nodded at the two commandos waiting there before issuing his next set of orders, "I want two of us watching each entrance, we need to be ready for a attack," Adrian ordered before turning to the right entrance with his back to the wall. Kneeling down he raised his rifle's sights to eye level. \_Goddammit why the hell does this have to happen to me!\_ Adrian breathed in slowly and unsteadily, trying to get a grip on himself. Out of the corner of his eyer he saw the tinted observation window. He slowly saluted it, muttering "Morituri te salutant!" in a voice that sounded a lot less confident and sane than it had a week ago.

The drone stood next to entrance in the corridor, his finger heavy on the grenade launcher's trigger, ready to unleash a pound of steel and highly volatile explosives. Hefting the rifle to shoulder hight he jumped out into the corridor aiming his sights at-

Adrian Shephard saw the commando leap into the corridor, right in the line of his sights. With out a second of hesitation Adrian pulled the trigger, resulting in a sharp crack of gun fire and three bullets

slamming into the commando's chest. The commando fell back into the lane wall, sliding slowly down and leaving a hazy line of dark blood. Adrian slowly lowered his rifle, feeling very alone. He hated having to kill, even amid all of the death at Black Mesa he still had to fight back bile every time he sent a bullet in the direction of an enemy.

He was brought back to reality by some movement at the end of the corridor. The commando he just shot was slowly dragging his rifle up, even though the ground around him was soaking with his blood. Adrian hastily brought his rifle to shoulder height again but before he could release another volley a deep shotgun blast erupted next to him. At the range they were at most of the pellets went wide but a few of them-

Hit the drone in the chest, cutting his breath short. As he slowly fell forwards he forced his rifle towards the enemy commander. As he pulled the grenade launcher's trigger the commander shot him again, this time a line of high caliber bullets shattered his shoulder blade, causing his arm to spasm, ruining his aim. It was however too late to stop his finger from pulling the trigger home, launching the grenade.

Adrian felt the grenade fly over his head, impacting into the wall behind him. The grenade nearly blew straight through the wall, spraying fragments of rock and steel in all directions. Adrian spun around and surveyed the damage. The wall was still intact, though it had a meter long hole in it. The commando carrying Adrian's grenade launcher suddenly fell over. Adrian quickly climbed over the dividing wall and turned the commando onto his back. It was instantly apparent that he was dead, his chest had hundreds of small holes in it, caused by the fragments from the grenade detonating.

Adrian always felt guilty when a squad member died, no matter who they were or how they died he always felt responsible. It was no different with the commando who lay on the floor now, even though he was never really alive Adrian still felt demoralized by his death. Adrian climbed over the wall again and knelt back down ready for the next person they sent.

Xds573 reassessed the situation. His surprise attack failed and he was down one man. However the enemy was still in the corridor so xds573 decided to try another assault. "Drones, each go down to the left and right hand entrances. When I order you to jump into the corridor and fire then take cover back here." The drones moved off, xds573 followed the one who was taking the right hand entrance. When they were in position at the edge of the lane he whispered "Now"

Adrian saw the second commando leap out and open fire. His rifle rounds missed Adrian but they struck his commando on the other side of the wall in the back of his head. Before Adrian could return fire the enemy commando ducked back into safety. Adrian turned to his last commando and quickly said "Go to where that commando just went, I'll cover the other entrance." The commando just nodded and started running towards the entrance. Adrian turned around and aimed his rifle at the other entrance.

Xds573 used his radio to talk to his other drone. "Attack now." On the other side of the room the drone advanced into the corridor.

Xds573 heard a burst of rifle fire and the drones vital signs dropped flat.

He turned to the drone standing next him to just in the time to see the drones chest explode from a shotgun blast. The enemy drone with the shotgun rounded the corner and ran straight into Xds573. The drone tried to level his shotgun at xds573 but xds573 sent his sub-machine gun's butt into the drones shotgun sending it spinning out of the drone's hands. The drone drew his pistol and tried to pistol whip xds573's head, however xds573 caught the blow with his sub-machine gun's hand guard, then counter-attacked with a knee to drone's gut. The blow sent the drone backwards into the wall. The drone tried to fire his handgun at xds573 before he could fire a round xds573 fired an extended burst of sub-machine gun fire into the drones face, covering the wall behind it with brain matter. Xds573 looked for second at the fallen drone then rounded the corner to face the enemy commander.

Adrian heard the enemy's footsteps and span around, opening fire on the enemy commander. The enemy dived for cover but after five rounds Adrian's rifle clicked empty. Adrian clambered over the wall as the enemy came back into view, firing a sub-machine gun it retaliation. Adrian was about to draw pistol when he was a rifle at his feet, the grenade launcher from the commando that was killed in the blast.

Xds573 saw the enemy commander rise with the grenade launcher. Just as he was firing the grenade xds573 dived forward. The grenade shot over his head landed into the grounded a few meters behind him. Xds573 pulled him self up and ran half crouched towards the wall. As the enemy's head appeared again xds573 sprung forwards delivering a vicious uppercut which sent the enemy flying backwards. Xds573 jumped over the wall and aimed at the commander when he the sharp crack of a pistol going of. The round tore into xds573's shoulder, causing him to drop the sub-machine gun.

Adrian aimed again at the enemy but before he could pull the trigger the enemy dived forwards, knocking Adrian's gun out of his hands. Before he could retaliate the enemy threw his fist into Adrian's face, breaking Adrian's nose. Adrian kicked out with both legs sending the commander flying backwards. The enemy landed and in a fluid motion drew his pistol and fired free times and Adrian's chest. The pain came quick and sharp as his breaths became sharper and quicker. He closed his eyes waiting for his world to explode in a fountain of pain and blood.

Xds573 brought his pistol level with the enemy's face. As he got ready to pull the trigger his radio switched on.

"Very good. Stop fighting immediately."

Xds573 holstered his pistol immediately. He didn't even think of disobeying those orders. He looked the enemy in the eye and said softly, "You fought well."

Then they both vanished.



Distorted

### Chapter 3

\_The third chapter of Distorted, thank you for taking the time to read this. \_

\_As before enjoy.\_

The G-man walked briskly down the lifeless, steel grey corridors. As he passed by rows of steel doors he slowly adjusted his tie while trying to think about what to say to their latest avatar. Suddenly he stopped at one of the countless doors and stared intently at the door. The doors had no visible locks or handles, they were completely blank. However after a few seconds of the G-mans stare the door slid open allowing the G-man to pass through. The G-man strolled into the room and said to the lone man in the room, 'Tell me, what do you know of Earth and the Combine?'

Xds573 considered the answer to the question and decided on a blunt reply, 'A lot.'

'A rather true answer, but not the one I was hoping for. Do you know why Earth is the target of the Combine might?'

'Because they wish to expand their empire using teleport technology.'

'But if Earth has been housing such stiff resistance then why doesn't the Combine just destroy it and go some where else?' The G-man smiled a little, as if he thought that that wouldn't be such a bad idea.

'Because the teleport devices only have limited range. If the Combine wish to invade the planets in this region of the universe then they must conquer Earth first, it's the only planet their teleports can reach. As soon as they have set up the new portals on Earth they'll move onto the other planets past Earth.'

'Nicely explained. Now do you have any idea why me and my superiors want to keep Earth Combine free?'

Xds573's looked thoughtful for a moment and then replied. 'Although you or your superiors have never told me I suspect that your home world is one of the ones which would be at danger if the Combine expanded from Earth.'

The G-man looked slightly surprised for a second and then recover himself, 'Yes, very good,' he muttered, look as though he was talking to himself. 'Now, what is your name?' inquired the G-man, smile slightly as he talked.

'I'm identified by a serial number. Xds573,' said Xds573, his voice losing his humanity as he slipped into a uniform mood.

'But what would you do if the Combine asked for your identification?'

'Then my name is Mark Hilt,' replied "Mark Hilt", his voice suddenly sounding soft and human.

'Good. Do you want to try that in a little test?' asked the G-man, his mouth twisting the words, making them sound sarcastic and probing. Like everything was a test.

Before "Mark" could answer the G-man left the room, the door sliding shut behind him.

Mark looked around the Combine train station, taking in every thing slowly, the depressed looking citizens making their way towards the Combine inspection, where the white masked overlords would decide their fate. It was a dangerous place; about a third of the people who passed through the gates would be taken away to the various camps and duties, being forced to retake and rebuild Nova Prospect, and then once their work was done they would become the first inmates in the prison.

As Mark approached the gates he looked around for a place to plant his distraction, if he got caught at the train terminal it would jeopardise his trip to Earth. If he was put on the Combine "red" list it would be impossible for him to walk down a single street without being spotted by a scanner, which would route local Civil Protection squads onto him. Hardly ideal working conditions.

Mark soon saw his chance: A Combine Officer was watching citizens march slowly into the line, to be processed by the Civil Protection units at the gate way. As Mark Hilt walked behind the Officer he pulled a small little glass cylinder filled with a dark powder from his pocket. After checking that no one was looking he gently put the cylinder into the Officer's side holster, right next to the Officer's standard Combine Issue Pistol. After making sure the cylinder was safely inside the holster Mark moved quickly towards the processing gate, hoping that the Combine would let him through. When his turn came Mark walked through the rusted steel gate, a branch way that led to the different train stations.

'You there!' droned the Officer closest to Mark, 'Board the express to Nova Prospect, Comply,' ordered the Civil Protection Officer, as he walked slowly towards Mark.

Great. A complication. Rather than being let through into the main city, Mark was going to be sent to slowly die in the ruins of the high security prison. After a moment's thought Mark Hilt decided not to comply. Instead he reached inside his pocket and pressed down on a small radio control set. Across the room the small glass cylinder beeped once and then sparked, igniting the black powder within the cylinder. Although the resulting explosion was barely enough to blow through the Officer's leg padding, the cylinder was strategically placed inside the Officer's holster and when it blew it ignited the gunpowder inside the Officer's firearm and reserve ammunition, sending over thirty rounds bursting away from the Officer's severely battered leg.

The Officer who was menacing Mark (and the train station at large) turned around in response to the flurry of flame, bullets and dark blood that erupted from the unfortunate Officer's leg. As soon as the Civil Protection Officer had his back turned Mark retrieved his stun baton from its pouch and struck the Officer's neck viciously from behind, breaking the Civil Protection Officer's neck with blunt force, and a little electricity. As soon as the Officer hit the

ground Mark opened the dead Combine's weapon holster, dropping the baton in favour for the Standard Issue Pistol. Before the Combine noticed their fallen comrade Mark Hilt was already at the doors which lead to the holding cells and command post, slipping through while everybody's eyes were on the recent explosion.

The corridor was badly maintained and with bad lighting, a typical Combine facility. Although Mark had avoided a one way ticket to Nova Prospect the train station was covered in cameras. If the video was reviewed carefully they might see Mark planting the small bomb, although he was sure they didn't get any footage of him killing the Civil Protection Officer, all of the cameras had been pointing at source of the explosion when Mark had broken his neck. But regardless of what the camera's did or didn't see Mark would have to delete his face form the records, permanently.

The Civil Protection Officer stood looking at the screens, trying to pinpoint what caused the death of two Civil Protection Officers. He was interrupted by a sharp knock on the door, he quickly stood up and went to the door, uncovering the little peep hatch. He peered through the hatch and saw the grew barrel of-

-Mark pulled the trigger on the pistol, resulting in the pistol kicking upwards and a small mass of metal being place inside the Civil Protection Officer's head. Moving quickly, Mark placed the room's power board in his sights, peering through the hatch to get a good shot. After two well placed shots the power board was destroyed, shutting off the cameras and the Combine computers in the control room. The Civil Protection Officers inside the control room had drawn their weapons, forcing Mark to step quickly away from the door as it buckled from the Combine returning fire. After a few seconds the fire ceased and Mark heard the footsteps of a Civil Protection Officer making his way towards the door. Before the Officer could turn the handle, Mark ran towards the door and flung his weight towards it, the door burst open and knocked the surprised Combine Officer off his feet. Mark skidded in and fired rapidly at the nearest Officer, and after three rounds Mark heard the sound of the Officer's life support and radio systems shutting down, an annoying beep. Mark clambered over one of the room's desks and ducked behind, as the desk suddenly shuddered underneath the fire of the two remaining Officer's. Mark lifted his pistol above the desk and fired blindly in the direction of the gunfire and after a long volley of rounds Mark was rewarded with the sound of the Officer "shutting down". With the last Civil Protection Officer still firing at the desk, Mark positioned himself so that his legs were pressed against the desk, and then he kicked out as hard as he could, sending the desk sliding across the room and into the Civil Protection Officer, causing the Officer to fall off balance and drop his pistol. Mark carefully put the Officer's head between his sights and pulled the trigger, only to hear the clicking sound of an empty magazine. The Civil Protection Officer pulled out his stun baton and advanced towards Mark, swinging out his baton as soon as he was in range. Mark rolled away form the outstretched baton, causing the Officer to over swing and lose his balance. Mark quickly leapt towards the Officer and reached towards the one of the Officer's pouches, and pulled out the pin on the hand grenade that rested in the pouch. As soon as it started beeping Mark kicked the Officer as hard as he could in the chest, sending the Civil Protection Officer stumbling backwards. Mark sprinted towards the door and ran through it, slamming the door shut behind him. After a few seconds Mark heard the grenade going off, the sound of the

explosion rattling Mark and the rest of the station. Mark peered through the door and saw that the grenade did its job, all of the Combine Officers and computers were destroyed, erasing Mark Hilt from the Combine's bad books. With out much time to celebrate Mark ran into the store room, a dark and dingy room filled with crates. Mark picked up one of the crates and hurled it at a window, breaking the window and giving Mark an exit. Within a few seconds Mark was out of the store room and into the streets of the rundown city.

The image slowly faded form Mark's eyes and was replaced by the ugly black simulator room. The G-man walked in, move past the elaborate sensor's and computers.

'Very well done "Mark",' said the G-man, his eyes alight with bright intelligence.

'What did the computers say about my performance?' asked Mark, Xds573, although he knew what the answer would be.

'According to the computer the Combine didn't manage to put you onto their alert list and you destroyed all evidence of you ever being at that station. I'd say that's a pass,' muttered the G-man.

Mark allowed himself a few seconds triumph, another test he'd passed.

'Now I want to do a few variations of that test soon, so why don't you go preparer of that.'

Mark nodded, even though he didn't really have any say in the matter. Mark slowly made his way towards his room and once inside his bleak home he laid down and his space efficient bed and fell instantly to sleep.

End  
file.